AT CONFESSION.

If my soul's life, dear heart, before thy sight
Should lie an open book that thou mightst read,
So vain, so hapless there, my sorry plight,
Then would I fear to lose thy love indeed.
But if, by love made plain, thou sawest aright,
In words invisible 'twixt line and line,
What record there I struggle to indite,
My soul to thee would seem a thing divine.

When to thine own my soul would open wide
Her love's unfathomed deeps, no words will come,
Tossed in upon my thoughts' tumultuous tide;
I may but say: "I love thee," or be dumb.
Yet in these three such subtle life doth hide
That even as I write, they mean, I trow,
Though thrice repeated while the hour doth bide,
A thousand things they never meant till now.

—Anne F. Maclean, in New Bohemian.

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

or A Woman Intervenes.

By Robert Barr.

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Good day, Mr. Wentworth," said the financier, cordially.

"Good day," replied George, curtly. "I have come to read a cable dispatch to you, or to let you read it." He threw the dispatch down before the old gentleman, who adjusted his spectacles and read it. Then he looked up inquiringly at Wentworth.

"You don't understand it, do you?" said the latter.

"I confess I do not. The Longworth in this telegram does not refer to me, does it?"

"No, it does not refer to you, but it refers to one of your house. Your nephew, William Longworth, is a scoundrel!"

"Ah," said the old man, placing the dispatch on the desk again and removing his glasses. "Have you come to tell me that?"

"Yes, I have. Did you know it before?"

"No, I did not," answered the old gentleman, his color rising, "and I do not know it now. I know you say so, and I think very likely you will be glad to take back what you have said. I will at least give you the opportunity."

"So far from taking it back, Mr. Longworth, I shall prove it. Your nephew formed a partnership with my friend Kenyon and myself to float on the London market a certain Canadian mine."

"My dear sir," broke in the old gentleman, "I have no desire to hear of my nephew's private speculations. I have nothing to do with them. I have nothing to do with your mine. The matter is of no interest whatever to me, and I must decline to hear anything about it. You are, also, if you will excuse my saying so, not in a fit state of temper to talk to any gentleman. If you like to come back here when you are calmer, I shall be very pleased to listen to what you have to say."

"I shall never be calmer on this subject. I have told you that your nephew is a scoundrel. You are pleased to deny the accusation."

"I do not deny it; I merely said I did not know it was the case, and I do not believe it, that is all."

"Very well; the moment I begin to show you proofs that things are as I say—"

"My dear sir," cried the elder man, with some heat, "you are not showing proof. You are merely making assertions, and assertions about a man who is absent—who is not here to defend himself. If you have anything to say against William Longworth, come and say it when he is here, and he shall answer for himself. It is cowardly of you, and ungenerous to me, to make a number of accusations which I am in no wise able to refute."

"Will you listen to what I have to say?"

"No; I will not."

"Then, by God, you shall!" and with that Wentworth strode to the door and turned the key, while the old man rose from his seat and faced him.

"Do you mean to threaten me, sir, in my own office?"

"I mean to say, Mr. Longworth, that I have made a statement which I am going to prove to you. I mean that you shall listen to me, and listen to me now."

"And, I say, if you have anything to charge against my nephew, come and say it when he is here."

"When he is here, Mr. Longworth, it will be too late to say it; at present you can repair the injury he has done. When he returns to England you cannot do so, no matter how much you might wish to make the attempt."

The old man stood irresolute for a moment; then he sat down in his chair again.

"Very well," he said, with a sigh, "I am not so combative as I once was. Go on with your story."

"My story is very short," said Wentworth. "It simply amounts to this: You know your nephew formed a partnership with us in relation to the Canadian mine?"

"I know nothing about it, I tell you," answered Mr. Longworth.

"Very well, you know it now."

"I know you say so."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I will tell you more about that when I hear what you have to say. Go on."

"Well, your nephew, pretending to aid us in forming this company, did everything to retard our progress. He engaged offices that took a long time to fit up, and which we had, at last, to take a hand in ourselves. Then he left for a week, leaving no address, and refusing to answer the letters I sent to his office for him. On one pretext or another the forming of the company was delayed, until, at length, when the option by which Mr. Kenyon held the mine had only a month to run, your nephew went to America in company with Mr. Melville, ostensibly to see and report upon the property. After waiting a certain length of time and hearing nothing from him (he had promised to cable us), Kenyon went to America to get a renewal of the option. This cablegram explains his success. He finds, on going there, that your nephew has secured the option of the mine in his own name, and, as Kenyon says, we are cheated. Now, have you any doubt whether your nephew is a scoundrel or not?"

Mr. Longworth mused for a few moments on what the young man had told him.

"If what you say is exactly true, there is no doubt that William has been guilty of a piece of very sharp practice."

"Sharp practice!" cried the other. "You might as well call robbery sharp practice!"

"My dear sir, I have listened to you; now I ask you to listen to me. If, as I say, what you have stated is true, my nephew has done something which I think an honorable man would not do; but as to that I cannot judge until I hear his side of the story. It may put a different complexion on the matter, and I have no doubt it will; but, even granting your version is true in every particular, what have I to do with it? I am not responsible for my nephew's actions. He has entered into a business connection, it seems, with two young men and has outwitted them. That is probably what the world would say about it. Perhaps, as you say, he has been guilty of something worse, and has cheated his partners. But even admitting everything to be true, I do not see how I am responsible in any way."

"Legally, you are not; morally, I think, you are."

"Why?"

"If he were your son—"

"But he is not my son; he is my nephew."

"If your son had committed a theft, would you not do everything in your power to counteract the evil he had done?"

"I might and I might not. Some fathers pay their son's debts, others do not. I cannot say what action I should take in a purely suppositious case."

"Very well, all I have to say is, our option runs out in two or three days. Twenty thousand pounds will secure the mine for us. I want that £20,000 before the option ceases."

"And do you expect me to pay you £20,000 for this?"

"Yes, I do."

Old Mr. Longworth leaned back in his office chair and looked at the young man in amazement.

"To think that you, a man of the city, would come to me, another man of the city, with such an absurd idea in your head, is simply grotesque."

"Then the name of the Longworths is nothing to you—the good name, I mean?"

"The good name of the Longworths, my dear sir, is everything to me; but I think it will be able to take care of itself without any assistance from you."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Wentworth said in a voice of suppressed anguish: "I thought, Mr. Longworth, one of your family was a scoundrel. I now wish to say I believe the epithet covers uncle as well as nephew. You have a chance to repair the mischief one of your family has done. You have answered me with contempt. You have not shown me the slightest indication of wishing to make amends."

He unlocked the door.

"Come, now," said old Mr. Longworth, rising, "that will do, that will do, Mr. Wentworth." Then he pressed an electric bell, and when the clerk appeared, he said: "Show this young gentleman the door, please, and if he ever calls again, do not admit him."

And so George Wentworth, clenching his hands with rage, was shown to the door. He had the rest of the day to ponder on the fact that an angry man seldom accomplishes his purpose.

CHAPTER XXII.

The stormy interview with Wentworth disturbed the usual serenity of Mr. Longworth's temper. He went home earlier than was customary with him that night, and the more he thought over the attack, the more unjustifiable it seemed. He wondered what his nephew had been at, and tried to remember what Wentworth had charged against him. He could not recollect, the angrier portions of the interview having, as it were, blotted the charges from his mind. There remained, however, a bitter resentment against Wentworth. Mr. Longworth searched his conscience to see if he could be in the least to blame, but he found nothing in the recollection of his dealings with the young men to justify him in feeling at all responsible for the disaster that had overtaken them. He read his favorite evening paper with less than his usual interest, for every now and then the episode in his office would crop up in his mind. Finally he said sharply:

"Edith?"

"Yes, father," answered his daughter.

"You remember a person named Wentworth whom you had here the evening William went away?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well. Never invite him to this house again."

"What has he been doing?" asked the young woman, in a rather tremulous voice.

"I desire you never to ask anyone connected with him, that man Kenyon, for instance," continued her father, ignoring her question.

"I thought," she answered, "that Mr. Kenyon was not in this country at present."

"He is not, but he will be back again, I suppose. At any rate I wish to have nothing more to do with those people. You understand that?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Longworth went on with his reading. Edith saw that her father was greatly disturbed, and she much desired to know what the reason was, but knew enough of human nature to believe that, in a very short time, he would relieve her anxiety. He again appeared to be trying to fix his attention on the paper. Then he threw it down and turned toward her.

"That man Wentworth," he said, bitterly, "behaved to-day in a most unjustifiable manner to me in my office. It seems that William and he and Kenyon embarked in some mine project. I knew nothing of their doings, and was not even consulted with regard to them. Now it appears William has gone to America and done something Wentworth considers wrong. Wentworth came to me and demanded £20,000—the most preposterous thing ever heard of—said I owed it to clear the good name of Longworth, as if the good name were dependent on him, or any one like him. I turned him out of the office."

Edith did not answer for a few moments, while her father gave expression to his indignation by various ejaculations that need not be here recorded.

"Did he say," she spoke at length, "in what way William had done wrong?"

"I do not remember now just what he said. I know I told him to come again when my nephew was present, and then make his charges against him, if he wanted to do so. Not that I admitted I had anything to do with the matter at all, but I simply refused to listen to charges against an absent man. I paid no attention to them."

"That certainly was reasonable," replied Edith. "What did he say to it?"

"Oh, he abused me, and abused William, and went on at a dreadful rate, until I was obliged to order him out of the office."

"But what did he say about meeting William at your office and making the charges against him then?"

"What did he say? I don't remember. Oh, yes, he said it would be too late then; that they had only a few days to do what business they have to do, and that is why he made the demand for £20,000. It was to repair the harm, whatever the harm was, William had done. I look on it simply as some blackmailing scheme of his, and I am astonished that a man belonging to as good a house as he does should try that game with me. I shall speak to the elder partner about it to-morrow, and if he does not make the young man apologize in the most abject manner, he will be the loser by it, I can tell him that."

"I would think no more about it, father, if I were you. Do not let it trouble you in the least."

"Oh, it doesn't trouble me; but young men nowadays seem to think they can say anything to their elders."

"I mean," she continued, "that I would not go to his partner for a day or two. Wait and see what happens. I

"Did he say," she spoke at length, "in what way William had done wrong?"

have no doubt when he thinks over the matter, he will be thoroughly ashamed of himself."

"Well, I hope so!"

"Then give him the chance of being ashamed of himself, and take no further steps in the matter."

Edith, very shortly afterward, went to her own room, and there, clasping her hands behind her, she walked up and down, thinking, with a very troubled heart, on what she had heard. Her view of the matter was very different from that of her father. She felt certain something wrong had been done by her cousin. For a long time she had distrusted his supposed friendship for the two young men, and now she pictured to herself John Kenyon in the wilds of Canada, helpless and despondent because of the great wrong that had been done him. It was far into the night when she retired, and it was early next morning when she arose. Her father was bright and cheerful at breakfast, and had evidently forgotten all about the unpleasant incident of the day before. A good night's sleep had erased it from his memory. Edith was glad of this, she did not mention the subject. After he had gone to the city the young woman prepared to follow him. She did not take her carriage, but hailed a hansom and gave the driver the number of Wentworth's offices. That young man was evidently somewhat surprised to see her. He had been trying to write to Kenyon some account of his interview with old Mr. Longworth, and, somehow, after he had finished, he thought John Kenyon would not at all approve of his zeal, so had just torn the letter up.

"Take this chair," he said, wheeling an armchair into position. "It is the only comfortable one we have in the room."

"Comfort does not matter," said Miss Longworth; "I came to see you about the mica mine. What has my cousin done?"

"How do you know he has done anything?"

"That does not matter. I know. Tell me as quickly as you can what he has done."

"It is not a very pleasant story to tell," he said, "to a young lady about one of her relatives."

"Never mind that. Tell me."

"Very well, he has done this: He has pretended he was our friend and pretended he was going to aid us in forming this company. He has delayed us by every means in his power until the option has nearly expired. Then he has gone to Canada and secured for himself and a man named Melville the option of the mine when John Kenyon's time is up. That is to say, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, when Kenyon's option expires, your cousin will pay the money and will own the mine; after which, of course, Kenyon and myself will be out of it. I don't mind the loss at all. I would gladly give Kenyon my share; but for John it is a terrible blow. He had counted on the money to pay debts of honor which he owes to his father for his education. He calls them debts of honor; they are debts of honor in the ordinary sense of the word. Therefore, it seems to me a terrible thing that that—" here he paused and did not go on. He saw there were tears in the eyes of the girl to whom he was talking.

"It is brutal," he said, "to tell you all this. You are not to blame for it, and neither is your father, although I spoke to him in a heated manner yesterday."

"When did you say the option expires?"

"At twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"How much money is required to buy the mine?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Can money be sent to Canada by cable?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Aren't you quite sure?"

"No, I am not. It can be sent by telegraph in this country and in America."

"How long will it take you to find out?"

"Only a few moments."

"Very well; where is Mr. Kenyon now?"

"Kenyon is in Ottawa. I had a cablegram from him yesterday."

"Then will you write a cablegram that can be sent away at once asking him to wait at the telegraph office until he gets a further message from you?"

"Yes, I can do that; but what good will it do?"

"Never mind what good it will do; perhaps it will do no good. I am going to try to make it of some good. Meanwhile, remember, if I succeed, John Kenyon must never know the particulars of this transaction."

"He never will; if you say so."

"I say so. Now it is six hours earlier here than it is in Canada, is it not?"

"About that length of time, I think."

"Very well, lose no time in getting the cable message sent to him, and to get him to answer, so that we shall be sure he is at the other end of the wire. Then find out about the cabling of the money. I shall be back here, I think, about the same time you are."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCHES OF GRANADA.

At Once Magnificent and Beggarly, Solemn and Gay.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun-steeped streets were left, the leather curtain was lifted, and we were suddenly in darkness as of night, a great altar looming dimly in far shadows, vague, motionless figures prostrate before it. Their silent fervor in the strange, scented dusk gave a clew to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter-of-fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery had its price, solemnity its tawdriness. In cathedral and capilla real if we ventured to look at the royal tombs, at the grille—which even in Spain is without equal—at the retablos with their wealth of ornament, one sacristan after another kept close at our heels, impudently expectant.

If in unknown little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness it was that they might be offended with Virgins gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christs clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja, it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meal that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last, in self-defense, we went. The Cartuja's architecture struck us as elaborate, its decorations as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gayety of Bohemia's rocco, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded cafe or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in Century.

Amazing, Indeed.

"No," said the private secretary, "there is no news from Washington."

"What?" said King Menelek. "You amaze me! No United States senator has introduced a resolution of sympathy with the Abyssinians? First thing we know we'll hear that they are minding their business."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Housekeeping Notes.

Banana croquettes make a delicious luncheon dish.

Lemonade spoons are the latest form of small silver.

A set of doilies and carving cloth embroidered in clover blossoms is the latest dainty addition made to her linen store by a young housekeeper.—Chicago Record.

The Alternative.

Pater—Yes, it's hard to make both ends meet with my family of six grown girls.

Sympathetic Friend—I suppose you have to husband your time?

"Yes, until I husband some of my daughters."—Washington Times.

NO WONDER PEOPLE STARED.

She Had Used a Pair of Her Husband's Trousers as a Shawl.

She is a noted housekeeper, and it is her proud boast that she can always find any article in her house without a light, be the night ever so dark, and that in case of her sudden demise no one need blush for the condition of any cupboard in her dwelling.

The other evening she was going out with her husband, but it seemed rather hard for them to get started. Once she returned to turn back the rug before the parlor fire, and once to give the cook an order. The husband heaved a sigh of relief as they finally reached the pavement, but it was cut short by his wife's exclamation: "There, it is really cold, and I have on this thin little jacket. I must go back and get my old brown shawl."

"Look here, how many times are you going back, anyhow?" demanded her husband. "You will be all tired out before we start."

"Well, John, dear, if you insist upon it, you may get it for me. You need not make a light to find it. It is hanging on the third peg on the right hand side of the cupboard in the back room upstairs."

"But that is where my things are kept."

"I know, dear, but since I have given away all your old things to the nice, polite tramp there is plenty of room. I keep just a few things there because they are old and smell so strong of moth balls; I knew you wouldn't mind. But do go at once; you are making us so late! Don't light the gas—oh, he's gone. How impatient men are."

Five minutes later he came back with a jammed thumb and no shawl.

"Just like a man," she said, and went up to fetch it herself, returning almost instantly with a nicely folded garment hanging over her arm. "I shan't need it going, after all," she said; "but I may coming back. I found it just where I told you it was, dear."

After spending a pleasant hour or two upon the friends upon whom they had called they started to walk home, and after they had gone a block or two she threw her shawl carelessly about her shoulders, not without a remark as to the neatness of her cupboards and her ability to find things in the dark.

As they slowly strolled toward home several people turned to look after them, with almost audible smiles, causing her to say, complacently:

"I do believe that people take us for a pair of lovers, John."

To which John, mankind, replied: "Blamed idiots!"

People certainly did behave oddly, and a couple of small boys even followed them home with mirthful shouts.

"What can be the matter?" she said. "To be sure, my shawl is old-fashioned, but it can hardly be that."

The husband's key was in the lock by this time, and, as she followed him into the parlor, she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror. Instead of a shawl she had a pair of her husband's trousers gracefully draped about her shoulders! —Chicago Times-Herald.

TRIMMINGS FOR SKIRTS.

How They May Be Used to Advantage in Remodeling.

In making over an old gown the present fashion of trimming skirts will be found most useful. A skirt almost invariably shrinks from a season's wear and after it is taken apart and sponged it is sure to measure too short by several inches.

In remaking a skirt never lengthen at the waist. Such a proceeding will spoil the hang of it quicker than anything else.

When plain skirts were worn it was impossible to lengthen a skirt without unsightly piecing. Now, however, the bottom of the skirt may be pieced and then trimmed to conceal the piecing.

For a street gown braid is the best trimming. Hercules or soutache braid is favored and should be put on in two or four row clusters. If the wearer is short, two rows as near the foot as possible is best. A young girl may have the braid sewed in a Grecian border around her skirt if her gown ends at the ankle.

Skirts intended for indoor wear are prettily trimmed with ruches, with may be of silk or of dress material. If of silk, frayed edges save time and give an additional touch of beauty. The ruches may be put on close around the foot or ten inches up. A band of fur sometimes replaces the ruche. It should, however, be of good quality to wear well and is, therefore, way above the heads of ordinary mortals.—Chicago News.

Articles of Lingerie.

There is something very attractive about dainty underwear, and many articles of the kind are suitable for gifts that should be tied up in dainty packages with the narrow satin baby-ribbon, ten yards of which usually cost 18 cents. To a servant two neat muslin nightgowns at a dollar will save her this outlay and probably fill a decided want. The young girl going on a visit will appreciate a couple of batiste or cambric nightgowns trimmed in lace or embroidery and costing from two to five dollars each. Another present is a set of nightgown, chemise and drawers folded neatly in a box for seven dollars; or an umbrella skirt, a lawn skirt having a full ruffle, put on with a heading or beading and edged with insertion for about two dollars. A couple of pretty corset-covers at a dollar, a lace-trimmed lawn dressing-sack at three dollars, or enough pink or blue surah silk for a similar sack, with ribbons and lace for trimming, will delight any girl loving nice lingerie.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rock Cakes.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and a few currants. Mix these ingredients with three well beaten eggs, and make into small cakes, which should be dropped with roughened tops in the cake tin for baking.—Boston Herald.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Of 2,870 law students at the University of Paris 283 are foreigners, while of the 5,175 medical students the foreigners are 964, with 154 women.

—A protest against the degradation of the Scottish language by the Kailyard school of literature was made by the presiding officer at the recent meeting of the Scottish Text society.

—At a recent meeting of the vestry of St. George's Southwark, London, Miss A. Eliot, of Lancashire, was appointed sanitary inspector to the vestry by 22 votes to 16. There were 22 candidates, and she the only woman.

—The death has occurred at St. Kitts, W. I., of Rt. Rev. Charles James Branch, D. D., bishop of Antigua. Dr. Branch had devoted the whole of his ministerial life to work in the West Indies, and he was respected by all classes.

—The statistician of the United States estimates that the school population of this country—that is, the number of persons between the ages of five and eighteen years—is 20,099,383. Of this number there were enrolled in 1894 13,960,288 pupils in the district or public schools, under the instruction of 388,531 teachers. The average daily attendance of the pupils in these schools is 9,208,896.

—Dr. Mair, who has been nominated moderator of the Established church of Scotland, and Prof. Davidson, who has been made moderator of the Free Kirk, were both born in the same year at Buchan, in Aberdeenshire; went to the same school, graduated in the same class at the University of Aberdeen, and will be put at the head of the two great divisions of Scottish Presbyterians on the same day.

—Sinte Barbe, one of the most famous high schools of Paris, founded in 1460 and the alma mater of Calvin and of Loyola, has been bought by the government for 2,000,000 francs. It is becoming constantly more difficult for private institutions to compete with the state establishments. Last year the Ecole monge, from which religious instruction was excluded, was turned over to the city of Paris and was rechristened Lycee Carnot. This year it is the turn of the Catholic college of Sainte Barbee.

SHIPPING ELEPHANTS BY RAIL.

Why the Cars That Transport Pachyderms Are Made Secure.

"Do you know," said the retired elephant trainer, "why the big cars that transport elephants are made so secure and close?"

The reporter did not know.

"Well, I will tell you. I suppose you have observed that the cars have not a single opening except the strongly barred little windows at each end, which serve to admit the air? The cars are inspected regularly and if an opening large enough to admit an elephant's trunk is found the aperture is strongly boarded up. The elephant is the most inquisitive animal in existence. He will poke his nose in everything within reach. If he finds an opening in a car, out goes his trunk like a shot. He will sway it back and forth, apparently expecting the regular quota of peanuts that makes his life happy when on exhibition. An incident I recollect clearly, and which has resulted disastrously to Barnum & Bailey's big elephant Emperor, happened three years ago, when I was in the employ of the circus.

"Section No. 3 of the circus train of five cars was running from Cleveland to Youngstown, O. We were within twenty miles of our destination. Every man on board the train was asleep except the regular employes of the railway company. I was suddenly awakened by a slight jar of the train, which was immediately followed by a succession of thumps, bumps, and jars. I heard the engineer give the signal to down breaks and judged one of the cars had jumped the track and was running over the ties. When I got off the train the trainmen, with torches, were already down on their hands and knees trying to locate the cause of the peculiar noises.

"My attention was suddenly drawn to the car in which the big elephant Emperor was housed. I could faintly see a big snakelike body swaying back and forth under the car, and I grasped the situation at a glance. I called to the trainmen, telling them that I had located the cause of the sounds. I told the conductor to have the train run slowly and keep his eyes fixed under the car. When the train moved off the trunk of the big elephant fastened itself to a tie so firmly that the car almost left the track. The train was run about fifty yards and the mighty trunk of old Emperor caught every tie that he could conveniently hold on to. He was cunning enough, however, to let go like lightning when the strain grew so great that it threatened to pull his trunk out by the roots. So cleverly did he avoid being injured that when I examined him afterward there was not the vestige of a scar on his hide.

"I was on a circus train once when an elephant disloged a telegraph pole, which completely put the entire telegraph system out of order."—New York Mail and Express.

Foiled Again.

"Ah," said Mr. Knight Starr, the emotional tragedian, as he came in sight of a farmhouse, "mayhap this worthy peasant will give some refreshment for the inner man. What, ho, there!"

The worthy peasant gazed at the tragedian for a moment, and answered: "Yew durned fool, don't yew know a pitchfork frum a hoe?"

And having thus spake, he disappeared within his abode.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

More Room.

Young Mrs. Fitts—The Trolleybys have such a jewel of a hired girl. Their floor is actually clean enough to eat off.

Young Mr. Fitts—By George, that ought to be right handy when he has to carve a duck.—Indianapolis Journal.